ALPENA WEEKLY ARGUS.

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J. C. VIALL, Editor.

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VOLUME I.

ALPENA, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1871.

NUMBER 17.

Hattie gave a glad cry; but the

next moment she thought of the mis-

"Poor girl! Did they drive you

"It is false !" repeated the man. "I

to-night," said she musingly.

could stay there no longer."

over-reached herself."

would not be happy with her !"

Maria Dalton pretended to be great-

"It is a shame !" said he, indignat-

ly; "and no one shall ever say, with

the again !" said Mrs. Haywar

He went out to the stables, and sad-

dling a horse, galloped off to the vil-

an old man. John knew by the de-

scription that he was the same who

"Thank God, that she has found

even so humble a friend!" murmured

He wrote a hasty note to his moth

er, telling her that he was off after

Hattie, and sent the note and his

horse back to the farm; and the next

Mrs. Hayward was more incensed

"I declare! he shall never have a

Maria Dalton was considerably

ters, which came regularly, strength-

There came a letter, stating that he

would be at home soon, but saying

The Monday following, an elegant

carriage, drawn by two thoroughbreds,

stopped before the Hayward farm

house, and a servant hurried up to the

"For Miss Maria Dalton," said he,

placing a card in Mrs. Hayward's

Maria was then in the parlor in

"James Sinclair, my uncle," said she,

of joy when she read the name.

ened that belief.

given up the search.

than ever when she received John's

train took him away on his search.

have been expected.

bring her back."

"The artful beggar !"

called at the farm.

"It is false !" said the old man.

burst into tears.

away ?"

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A Woman's Love.

A sentinel angel sitting high in glory Heard this shrill wall ring out from purgatory "Have mercy, mighty angel, hear my story! "I loved, and blind with passionate love, I fell, Love brought me down to death, and death to kell, For God is just, and death for sin is well.

I do not rage because his high degree. Nor for myself do ask that grees should be; But for my love on earth who mourns for me. Great Spirit! Let me see my love again. And comfort him one hour, and I were fain To yay a thousand years of fire and pain." Then said the pitying angel, "Nay, repent That wild vow! Look, the dial-flager's bent Down to the last hour of thy punishment!" Reasonable Price! But still she walled, "I pray thee, let me go!

I cannot rise to peace and leave him so. O, let me sooth him in his bitter wee!" The brazen gates ground sullenly ajar, And upward, joyous, like a rising star, She rose and vanished in the other far. But soon adown the dying sunset sailing,

And like a wounded bird her pinions trailing, She fluttered back with broken-hearted wailing. She sobbed, "I found him by the summer sea Reclining his head upon a maiden's knee— She curled his hair and kissed him. Woe is me!" She wept, "now let my punishment begin! I have been fond and foolish. Let me in To expiate my serrow and my sin." The angel answered, "Nay, sad soul, go higher!

To be deceived in your own true heart's desire Was bitterer than a thousand years of fire!"

A Slight Mistake. A dusty-looking traveler turned at the great gate, and passed up the

There was nothing prepossessing in his appearance. The clothes he wore, though not of coarse material, were yet seedy and threadbare; and his hat, fashioned a quarter of a century before, showed long and close acquaintance with the sunshine and storm. He was quite old, too, although he stepped quite nimbly upon the gravel walk, and tired, for he had tramped many miles under the boiling heat of that July sun. Withal, there was a look of shrewdness and knowledge of the world about him, that seemed to be-

lie his indigent appearance. He glanced about him at the wellcultivated fields, and comfortable dwelling, the commodious barns and the numerous outhouses, and mut-

"Very well situated, whoever they are. I will stop and rest awhile, if they will allow such a ragshan in the house.

And the last thought seemed to af ford him immense pleasure.

He walked up to the front door, which was open; but the sound of voices within drew his attention, and tered the room. he stopped, with his hands yet raised

"John Hayward, I'm ashamed of you!" spoke a harsh, metallic, female voice. "That my son should so forget himself as to stoop to even look at love to her, is ridiculous! shameful! What is she? Everybody knows that Harriet Sinclair is nothing but a beggar, at the best; and how do we know you persist in seeing something at- tea?" tractive about her. For my part, I do not see how you can even look at the village, where, that lady tells me, she exclaimed. "The great simple-LUMBERMEN'S SUPPLIES. her, while that splendid Maria Dalton is here! Yes, John, splendid is the word! and she is rich, too! You flashing eyes that called a smile to alarmed, for, if he learned what a know her uncle allows her an annuity his face. But John did not see it; falsehood she had told, there would be sufficient to keep you both in style, for he was watching Hattie as she no more hope. She consoled her trouband when he dies she will have the flitted here and there, preparing the led mind, however, with the belief that whole. I cannot see into it; and, lunch for the visitor. Then he and he would not find Hattle; and his let-John Hayward, I will not have it! I Maria left the kitchen. will send the girl away !"

clare I must hear John's reply." "Mother," began a voice, deep-toned and calm, yet determined, "I will over- he was crazy. But at length he arose look your aspersions, for you are angry; but, if you send Hattie away, I tie, and a promise to see her again shall go too! She shall not come to soon, he took his departure. harm through any means of ours. As she never can be my wife."

clair with him. Now, I'll step around to the other door, and see what there

He cautiously made his way around to the rear door, which he found open, and he also heard voices: "Let's see what the weather is on this side of the house," said he, stop-

ping to listen. "Harriet Sinclare, how dare you look me in the face and tell me that?" of that. came in shrill, angry tones through

And the little old man chuckled Hattie! I am your Uncle James!

again, and muttered : "Whoever this Harriet Sinclare is she is getting up quite a stir among these folks. I rather like her. There goes that other one again. I suppose it is Maria Dalton; but she's made a slight mistake !"

"What do you suppose John Hayward cares for you? You have not even a pretty face to recommend you; and, then, you are nothing but a beggar! Bah! what a ninny you are!" "Will you tell me one thing ?" came in a faint, pleading voice. "Are you and John going to be married ?"

There was quite a pause, and the man grew impatient. Then came the answer, sharp and

nalicious : "Yes, we are !"

"Oh !" This exclamation came from Hattie, and it was so full of pain and despair, that the old man involuntarily stepped into the room.

"The weather seems to be unset tled ?" said he to himself, "and I shall not be surprised if some of these folks get wrecked in the storm. What a take the train for home." hornent's nest it must be ! And there walk leading to the Hayward farm is the queen herself," he added, as his gaze fell upon Maria Dalton's dark,

handsome face. She stood in the door leading into the great entry, with her hand raised faithful; but withal was a feeling of flashed angrily, while Hattie Sinclair stood by the window with her back turned toward her tormentor, that she might hide the tears which were streaming down her flushed cheeks.

Neither of them saw the old man, and he spoke to make his presence

"Good-day, ladies, I've been taking a little tramp hereabouts, and, as I got rather tired, I thought I would stop in and rest a little."

"Yor are welcome," said Hattie, turning her tearful face toward him. But Maria spoke tartly : "We do not keep a hotel. You

will find one at the village "But I am not at the village," said the man, cooly taking a seat, and chuckling to himself as he saw the dark cloud gathering on Maria's face. "I am very tired, too, and quite hun-

The cloud grew blacker; but ere the storm burst, John Hayward en-

Instantly Maria's face was all sup

"Storm is past for the present, thought the little man; "but there is no knowing how long we shall have fair weather, so I will make the most my hired help, much more to make of it." Then to John Hayward: "I just stopped in to rest a moment, and get a bite to eat."

"You are welcome, sir," said John. frankly. "Hattie, will you get him a that she is even as good as that? Yet lunch? Or, perhaps you will stay to "Thank you, sir; I will go on to

> there is a hotel !" Maria shot him a look out of her

The man was apparently very hun-"Ha! ha! ha!" chuckled the old gry judging from the length of time man at the door. "Breezy! I do required to satisfy himself. And all not like this cavesdropping, but I de- the while he was plying Hattie with nothing about Hattie; from which questions about herself and her parents, till the poor girl began to think to go, and with many thanks to Hat-

A week past, and the old man again to Miss Dalton, I will only say that stood at the door of the Hayward farm house. It was quite dark, and "Ha! ha! ha!" again chuckled the he sat down on the stone step, listenman at the door. "He's the right sort ing to the joyous music and the hapfor me! I will risk this Hattie Sin py laughter that came from the house Presently a little figure flitted past

him, and he recognized Hattie Sinclare. He hurried after her, and soon overtook her. "You left them at last?" said he,

inquiringly. "Where are you go-"I cannot tell," said she, stopping and looking back to the house. Poor child! She had not thought

"You can go with me," said the man. "Your father was my brother, the way to the parlor. ADVERTISING HATES

one two thre four thre six ore

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"I can stop but a few moments," said Mr. Sinclare, after being presented to Mrs. Hayward. "I have been ery that had driven her away, and looking up my connections since my return from India, and, quite fortunately, chanced to find anoter niece .-Perhaps you may remember her-Hattie Sinclare."

"He is going to be married to Maria, Mrs. Hayward gave a scream, and Maria, to hide her chagrin and vexa-"Maria told me so," replied Hattie, tion, covered her face with her handyet in a state of abstraction, "and I kerchief.

> Mr. Sinclare continued : "Hattie and her husband are now in

heard John Hayward say that Maria the carriage. I will call them." Dalton should never be his wife, and John Hayward soon appeared with he will not break his word. She told Hattie leaning on his arm; and if you a falsehood. But never mind Maria spoke the truth when she said now. Go home with me, and we will that Hattie had not even a pretty face show Miss Maria Dalton that she has to recommend her, then that face must have changed, for she looked surpass-"Oh, I hope he will not marry her?", ingly beautiful, as she stood there be-

exclaimed Hattie; "for I fear that he side her noble husband. "Mother I have found her," said "You unselfish child !" exclaimed John, "and brought her back, but not her Uncle James. "He does not de- to stay. She does not like this part served to be happy, if he does marry of the country, and we have concluded that empty head! But he will not; to make our home with Mr. Sinclare. so we will hurry on to the village, and We shall expect to see you there quite often."

There was much consternation at The poor woman was so much asthe Hayward farm house the next tonished that she could not utter a morning. Mrs. Hayward was really word, and Mr. Sinclare took advanvexed when she learned that Hattie tage of the silence to call Maria back. had left her, for she had been very for she was slipping out of the room. "One moment more, Maria," said

threateningly, and her black eyes relief that the "girl" was out of John's he. "I am sorry to disappoint you, but when I was here in the summerby-the-way, I found that hotel-I saw ly shocked, and hinted in various subthat you were not a proper person to tle ways that nothing better could be entrusted with wealth, so I have concluded to let Hattie have it. I John was very much grieved, and have also concluded to discontinue the came very near being angry with his liberal allowance which you have enjoyed, until such time as you shall have learned to treat every person, however humble, with respect. That

truth, that John Hayward ever alis all.'. lowed the humblest of God's creatures With a low bow to her and Mrs. to be driven away from the Hayward Hayward, he left the room, followed homestead. I shall go after her and by John and Hattie.

"Oh! why didn't I know this!" ex-"She never comes inside of my claimed Maria, bursting into tears.

Mrs. Hayward did not feel so bad after the first shock was over, for "Then I never shall," said John, John had married rich." with compressed lips, and a white She became a frequent visitor at

John's sake gave her a cordial weilags. There he learned that Hattie Maria returned to her own home, had taken the train in company with accepting the change that her own folly had wrought, with a grace that was deserving of praise. Her uncle took pity on her, and allowed her a

John's palatial home, where all, for

nor forgot that unfortunate summer. Gambler's Tricks

small annuity. She never married,

A gambler in his confession says "I once knew a Southern gentleman who, although not ostensiby a gambler, really made short cards a business .-He was a man of education and a fine conversationalist, and a very elegant gentleman. He was fond of a little game of draw, just to kill time, you know; but the result-was that he always got the best of it, and, mingling with moneyed men, his winnings were very large. I got into a series of games with him, and, well as I understand cards myself, I invariably got the worst of it. I knew that there was something wrong, and I resolved to discover it if possible. I carefully examined the backs of the cards, and, understanding how this sort of work is done, I very soon satisfied myself that the backs were all right. I watched his deal. He threw them around with great rapidity. His shuf-

fling was equare.

"One day I procured a powerful magnifying glass and went carefully over a pack of cards that he had won they judged that he had failed, and with the night before. A long careful search revealed in the aces and face search revealed in the aces and face cards a series of triffing concavities. The punches were so light as to be invisible to the naked eye, but upon passing my fingures over them I could feel them. A sambler's fingures are or ought to be soft as velvet. Subsequent investigation revealed his mark He had on the inside of his ring i flutter of excitement. She gave a cry

minute punch.

"In the beginning of a game he would manage to turn the faces of the aces and the face cards, one at a time, "James Sinclair, my uncle," said she, proudly. "Mrs. Hayward, will you have the kindnessto tell the servant to show him in."

An elderly gentleman alighted, and walked slowly toward the house.

Maria could not wait to see this rich uncle, and she met him at the door.

"My niece, Maria Dalton?" said the gentleman.

"Yes, uncle," said Maria, leading the way to the parlor.

"Of course this gave him a heav advantage, and the result was that h invariably won."